Pretty Susie, the Pride of Kildare

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When first from sea I landed, I had a roving mind;
Undaunted for to ramble far my true love for to find.
I met pretty Susie, her cheeks were like a rose,
Her bosom hit was fairer than the lily that blows.

Her keen eyes they glistened like the bright stars of night,
The robe she was a-wearing it was costly and white.
Her fair neck was shaded by her long raven hair.
Her name it was pretty Susie, the pride of Kildare.

A long time I courted her, but I wasted of my store:
Her love it turned to hatred because I was poor.
She said,"I love another man whose fortune I'll share:
So get you gone from pretty Susie, the pride of Kildare."'

How my heart was a-aching as I lonely did stray!
I met pretty Susie with her young lord so gay,
And as they passed by me, with my mind full of fear,
I sighed for pretty Susie, the pride of E;ildare.

Once more on the ocean I resolved for to go;
Away to the East with my heart full of woe.
I beheld many fair ladies with jewels so rare
But none like pretty Susie, the pride of Kildare.

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